

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME V.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1855.

WHOLE NUMBER 213.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

AS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
JOHN W. BARNES.

Office on Washington street, 3d door below the
Washington House, second story.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, — \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, — 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

Terms of Advertising.

One square (12 lines or less), first insertion fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed
by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as
follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00	1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00	1 column 1 " 30.00
1 " 6 " 3.00	1 " 1-2 " 20.00

Business Cards, \$3.00 per annum.

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
out, and charged for. When a postponement is
added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1855

**Ottawa Iron Works, Ottawa Point, Ot-
tawa County, Mich.**

FERRY & CHANDLER, Manufacturers of
Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure
Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.
Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

Wm. M. Ferry, Jr., M. T. E. Chandler.

TIMOTHY FLETCHER, County Clerk and
Register of Deeds, for Ottawa County. Grand
Haven, Mich.

WILLIAM HATHAWAY, Jr., Judge of Pro-
bate for Ottawa Co. P. O. address, Crockery,
Ottawa Co., Mich.

GEORGE PARKS, Treasurer of Ottawa Co.,
and Justice of the Peace.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, and Solicit-
or in Chancery; also agent for obtaining
Bounty Lands, and collecting claims against the
United States, in connection with a General Agency
at Washington. Office third door below the
Washington House.

CROSVENOR REED, Attorney and Counsel-
or at Law. All business entrusted to me will be
promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Resi-
dence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

ROBERT H. WILBER, Notary Public, Coun-
ty Clerk's Office, Grand Haven, Mich.

New Wholesale and Retail Bookstore,
Rathbun Buildings, Monroe st., Grand Rapids.

ALL articles in the Book and Stationery line,
Paper Hangings, etc., supplied on the most reason-
able terms.

1851 1y J. TERLUSE, Jr.

FERRY & WALLACE, Dealers in Fancy
Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware
and Groceries. Water st., Grand Haven, Mich.

Thos. W. Ferry, Noah H. Ferry.

FERRY & CO., Manufacturers of Lumber, and
Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions,
Shingle-Bolts, and Shingles. White Lake, Ocea-
na Co., Mich.

Wm. Preusser, A. Preusser.

WM. PREUSSER & CO., Clock and Watch
Makers, Jewelers, and dealers in Musical In-
struments. Particular attention paid to repairing
fine Watches. Monroe street, Grand Rapids,
Michigan.

FOSTER & PARRY, Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in Hard and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and
Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot
of Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

STONE & CHUBB, Manufacturers of Plows,
Cultivators, and Grain Caddies, and dealers in
all kinds of Agricultural Implements, and Ma-
chines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counselor at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office first door
west of H. Griffin's store.

R. J. COLLINS, Physician and Surgeon, Mill
Point, Ottawa Co., Mich. Rooms at L. M. S.
Smith's Drug Store.

A. W. SQUIER, Physician and Surgeon, Steels'
Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Sur-
geon. Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop—
Washington street.

FERRY & SONS, Forwarding and Commis-
sion Merchants. Central Dock, Grand Haven,
Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers
in Lumber, Shingles, Staves, Wood and Timber.
Grand Haven, Feb. 23, 1854.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington street, second door west of H. Grif-
fin's store.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchants; general dealers
in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and
Provisions; manufacturers and dealers whole-
sale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill
Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c. Muskegon, Mich.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By Henry Pennoyer.
The proprietor has the past spring newly
fitted and partly re-furnished this House, and
feels confident visitors will find the House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Commission Merchant and
General Agent, Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and
Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries,
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, &c., &c., at his old
stand opposite the Washington House, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. B. BIDWELL & SON, Confectionery and
Bakery, Grand Rapids, Mich. C. B. Albee agent
for Grand Haven and vicinity.

CORN SHELLERS, Various Kinds, at
S. & C's. Ag'l. Warehouse.

PORTABLE HAY PRESSES (Vertical and Hor-
izontal) for sale at
S. & C's. Ag'l. Warehouse.

A DOLLAR'S WORTH.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

At a recent Ladies' Fair at Pittsfield, the fol-
lowing characteristic lines, written by Oliver Wendell
Holmes, were drawn as a prize in the "Post Office,"
costing the lucky individual just one dollar:

Listen to me and I will try
To tell you what a dollar will buy.

A dollar will buy a Voter's conscience,
Or a book of "Fifty thousand" nonsense;
Or a ticket to hear a Prima Donna,
Or a fractional part of a statesman's honor;
It will buy a tree to sit in the shade of,
Or half the cotton a *tournaire* made of.

It will buy a glass of rum or gin
At a Deacon's store or a Temperance inn,
(The Deacon will show you how to mix it,
Or the Temperance Landlord stay and fix it.)

It will buy a painting at Burbank's Hall,
That will frighten the spiders from off the wall,
Or a dozen spoons of medium size,
That will do for an Agricultural prize,
It will buy four tickets to Barnum's show—
(Late firm of Pharaoh, Herod & Co.)

Or get you a paper that brings by mail
Its weekly "original thrilling tale"—
Of which the essential striking plot
Is a daddy that's rich and a youth that's not,
Who, seeking in vain for papa's consent,
Runs off with his daughter—the poor old gent
The governor's savage; at last relents
And leaves them a million in cash and rents.

Or a hair-wash patent, and warranted too,
That will turn your whiskers from grey to blue,
And dye old three-score as good as new;
So that your wife will open her eyes
And treat you with coolness, and then surprise;
And at last, as you're sliding up to her,
Cry "I'll call my husband, you saucy cur!"

Or a monochrome landscape, done in a hour,
That looks like a ceiling stained in a shower,
Or a ride to Lenox through mire and clay,
Where you may see through the living day,
Scores of women with couples of men
Trudging up hill—and down again.

This is what a dollar will do,
With many things as strange, but true;
This very dollar I've got from you—
P. S. We shouldn't mind if you made it two.

THE TOPER'S SOLILOQUY.—To drink, or
not to drink, that is the question, whether 'tis
nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and
arrows of outrageous thirst, or take up arms
against the Carson League, and by besotting,
frighten them? To get drunk—to sleep it
off no more. To get drunk without a head-
ache, and to walk straight when drunk—'tis
a consummation most devoutly to be wished.
To get drunk—to sleep in the street; to
sleep! perchance to get 'took up'—ay, there
is the rub, for in that drunken sleep what M.
P. may come when we are totally oblivious,
must give us pause. There's the respect that
made me sober for the first time in my life—
for who would bear sobriety for so long a
time—the trembling hand, the parched
tongue, the pangs of thirst—the insolence of
little boys, to which the toper is exposed
when his grog is shut off, when he might his
quietus make with a glass or two of gin—
Who would bear to grunt and sweat in this
hot weather, but that the dread of Bridewell,
that undiscovered country from whose bourne
no convicted drunkard returns within ten
days—puzzles the will and makes us rather
bear the ills we have than fly to others that
we know not of. Thus the Maine Law doth
make sober men of us all; and thus the ruddy
hue of brandy is sickled o're with the pale
cast of water; and thus great rivers of gin
and old West India from this month their
currents turn away and lose the name of
drink.

BRING OUT YOUR DEAD.—How the blood
has run cold in reading of the yellow fever
which many years since visited Philadelphia.
All through the deserted streets the stillness
of the grave was only interrupted by the
hoarse cry of drivers of the burial carts,—
"Bring out your Dead!"—"Bring out your
Dead!" Similar to that is the now stricken
Norfolk.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Ameri-
can says: A common spectacle in the streets
is a cart laden with coffins, which are de-
posited at some convenient street corner, and re-
moved thence by the undertakers as occasion
demands. Three or four of these coffins often
stand together. The dead are immediately
taken out of the houses and placed upon the
sidewalks; a strip of parchment, inscribed
with the name, age and date of the decease
of the victim, being nailed upon the lid of
each coffin. A duplicate of this parchment
record is preserved. The bodies of the dead
are conveyed away by carts which traverse
the streets at stated intervals.

OLD ENOUGH.—The Boston Times states
that a few days ago the machine used to
deepen the channel near Battery wharf,
brought up ten glass bottles from the bottom
of the dock, which were secured by the su-
perintendent of the work. The bottles were
antique form and finish, having raised letters
on the bottom, showing that they were made
at Bristol, England. The liquor in these
"original packages" has been submitted to
persons supposed to be good judges of such
matters, and the verdict is "Jamaica Rum"
of forty or fifty years standing.

ANECDOTE OF GOV. WISE.—Before his
election, the know-nothing papers were fond
of publishing anecdotes to show how Wise
was "put down" upon the stump, by inter-
ruptions from "Sam," in the vast assem-
blages which were wont to gather around the
hustings of the orator of Accomac. At one
of these meetings in Western Virginia, two
of "Samuel's" fastest young men had been
more than usually noisy and insolent towards
the speaker, and their interruptions were
plainly intended to annoy and insult him.—
Wise paused in his speech, and turning to
these "bloods," pointed his long, skinny
finger, *a la Randolph*, at the offenders, and
said: "Young men, I am to be your next
Governor; you will probably be in the Peni-
tentiary, and you may depend upon it, you
will have to *serve your time*." He wasn't
interrupted again in that quarter.

A CRIMEA HERO.—A private of the 17th
Hussars, English, who was in all the battles
in the Crimea, and who took a part in the
attack on the Redan, has arrived at Montre-
al, he having got his discharge, with a pen-
sion of about 2s per day. The hero was
wounded in each battle.

John Carroll, Esq., the great-grandson of
Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who is now
running on the Democratic anti-Know-Nothing
ticket in Howard county, Maryland, made
his first speech on Saturday week, at a meet-
ing of both parties. After speaking of the
position of parties in the State and the coun-
try, he declared to the Know Nothings:
"I am a Catholic; but if you proscribe,
do not commence upon so humble an indi-
vidual as myself. Go back to the past; and
erase from the record of the Declaration of
Independence the name of my ancestor, and
the companion of your forefathers, Charles
Carroll, of Carrollton.

We like mischievous children, and for this
reason: they are apt to make old men. Good
boys generally die in their fifth year; not be-
cause they are good, but because their quiet
habits make them strangers to mud-puddles
and oxygen, dirt piles and out-door exercise.
When a friend tells us he has a little baby
who never "wants to leave his books," the
knob of the front door immediately becomes
an object of intense interest to us; we know,
as if we were blest with fore-knowledge, that
in less than a year a strip of black crape will
be throwing a shadow across his path, that
time will never eradicate.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" AT A FIRE.—A new
feature of Woman's Rights transpired at the
fire at the National Hotel this morning. A
number of ladies, displeased at the stolid in-
difference of the gentlemen bystanders, formed
a line and passed the water buckets with a
will, until they were relieved by those who
were shamed into action by this *coup de main*
of the fair sex. [Gr. Rapids Enquirer.

**INCIDENTS OF THE N. Y. CENTRAL COL-
LISION.**—It is mentioned of a drover who
was asleep in one of the cattle cars, that when
awakened, he looked up, yawned, and notice-
ing the wreck about him, said: "Well, this
is a d—d pretty business. Where's my
hat?" This, too, when in the next car twenty
head of cattle had been slaughtered!

The horns of one beef were forced through
the side of a car, while another's were buried
in the body of a fellow.

A quantity of baggage brought to this
city was, besides being smashed into a shape-
less mass, completely covered with blood.
[Alb. Trans.

FIXING THE MOUTH.—A paragraph from
an English paper has been going the rounds,
instructing the ladies about the manner of
placing their lips when they desire to look
amiable, dignified, &c. Thus it appears that
"when a lady would compose her mouth to a
bland and serene character she should, just
before entering the room, say 'besom' and
keep the expression into which the mouth
subsides, until the desired effect upon the
company is evident. If, on the other hand,
she wishes to assume a distinguished and
somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of
sweetness, she should say 'brnsh,' the result
of which is infallible. If she should make
her mouth small and pretty, she must say
'flip'; but if the mouth be already small and
needs enlarging, she must say 'cabbage'."

We have seen a recipe for making bread
from flour manufactured from growing wheat.
The sprouting is said to destroy the alcoholic
quality of the grain, so that its life is gone,
while the nutritious quality still remains. It
is affirmed therefore, that if a gill of alcohol
is added to the dough in kneading, that it
will make excellent light bread.

Pure benevolence is a flower of beauty
rare, of fragrance sweet—it seldom blooms on
earth, whose climate is too cold—in heaven,
its native soil, it grows luxuriantly.

If you curtail your expenses, clip at the
right corners; be sure you do not begin with
the newspapers. An ounce less of sugar a
day, will furnish a newspaper in a family.—
Starve your stomach sooner than your brains.
You would not miss the sugar as soon as the
paper.

STICK TO IT, YOUNG MAN.—The very doc-
trine of all others, "Stick to it." Who ever
knew a mortal to enrol himself under this
banner, come out the little end of the horn?
Nobody, we'll be bound. Its principle, acted
up to with reticence, purpose, heart and soul,
would keep any man above water and in
blue sky.

"Stick to it." It's the very history, all
experience, the triumph of mind, art, litera-
ture, every great and noble work is its direct
and appropriate illustration. He who would
be, do, gain, make, save, achieve anything,
in whatever department of life, trade, polit-
ics, religion, philanthropy, or love, must
make it his first and last object of solicitude
—the Alpha Omega of aspiration and action.

Tell us, young man, who ever did a thing
worth a note, that did not "stick to it."—
Look around among your acquaintances, and
see who is, and who is not "something." In
him who is deservedly famous and honored,
you will find the man who, years ago, in the
strength, determination, energy, and light of
an all-conquering resolution, said, "I'll stick
to it," and who did and has stuck to it ever
since.

What has made great lawyers, statesmen,
divines, artists? What has made a Web-
ster, a Choate, a Brougham, a Kossuth?
Simply and solely, and truly, by choosing
something real and vital, and "sticking to
it." And if you wish, or expect, or mean, to
do or be anything, you had better do like-
wise. Then choose, and "stick to it." Arm-
ed with its principles and inspiration, you
may rise to undreamed of heights—wanting
it, you may sink to unthought of depths.

**A CERTAIN CURE FOR A RATTLE-SNAKE
BITE OR A SPIDER STING.**—Take the yolk
of a good egg, put it in a tea cup, and stir in
as much salt as will make it thick enough
not to run off, and spread a plaster and apply
to the wound.

A MODEL LAW SUIT.—The advantages of
litigation are illustrated in the case of a
school district in Cornish, N. H., against
Ariel Comings for the recovery of an old bro-
ken box stove, worth probably from 50 to 75
cents. The Court of Common Pleas, at
Newport, last week gave a verdict in favor
of the District, giving \$1 31 damages. The
verdict carries with it taxable costs amount-
ing in all to more than five hundred dollars,
to say nothing of the amount expended which
cannot be taxed to the defeated party.

A clergyman came into Detroit from the
North, and on coming out from tea, found his
umbrella gone, and another similar one
in its place, which he took and walked up
towards Woodward avenue. He stood talk-
ing in the street, with his umbrella spread,
with one of his neighbors, whom he chanced
to meet, who, looking at the umbrella, re-
marked, "well Parson, I always took you to
be a candid man, who, would be free to con-
fess a fault, if one were committed; but I
think you are carrying that virtue to ex-
tremes,"—and he pointed to the lines dis-
played in large white letters on the black um-
brella.

I stole this umbrella from J. C. Kingsley.
The parson took a look at the clouds, and
concluding that the rain, was about over shut
up the umbrageous convenience, and start-
ed on, with a countenance disclosing more
chagrin than humility. [Det. Advertiser.

A gentleman on a visit to Washington,
one day very coolly opened the door of the
Senate Chamber and was about to pass in
when the door-keeper asked, "Are you a
privileged member?" "What do you mean
by that," asked the stranger. The reply
was, "a Governor, an ex-Member of Congress,
or a foreign Minister." The stranger replied
that he was a minister. "From what court
or country, if you please?" asked the official.
Very gravely pointing up—"From Heaven,
sir." To this the door-keeper waggishly re-
marked—"This government at present holds
no intercourse with that foreign power."

FASHION.—The revival of the fashion of
the long-skirted male garments, which date,
we believe, with the first French revolution
—and which are not inappropriately termed
"Shanghai"—has excited the jealousy of
the ladies of Philadelphia, who are deter-
mined not to be eclipsed by the other sex.
Several Philadelphia ladies have recently
made their appearance in the public prome-
nades, arrayed in the anterior fashion of hoops,
and with all the swelling dignity of that im-
posing addition to the female figure.

Great men never swell. It is only your
three cent individuals who are salaried at the
rate of two hundred a year, and dine on po-
tatoes and dried herring, who put on airs and
flashy waistcoats, swell, puff, blow and en-
deavor to give themselves a consequential ap-
pearance. No discriminating person need
mistake the spurious for the genuine article.
The difference between the two is as great
as that between a barrel of vinegar and a bot-
tle of pure juice of the grape.

The little, and the short sayings of wise
and excellent men are of great value, like
the dust of gold, or the least sparks of dia-
monds.

A BIT OF ADVICE.—Have you enemies?
Go straight on and don't mind them. If they
set in your way, walk round them, regardless
of their spite. A man who has no enemies
is seldom good for anything—he is made of
that kind of material which is so easily work-
ed that every one has a hand in it. A ster-
ling character—one who thinks for himself,
and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to
have enemies. They are as necessary to him
as fresh air; they keep him alive and active.
A celebrated character, who was surrounded
by enemies, used to remark: "They are
sparks which, if you do not blow will go out
themselves." Let this be your feeling, while
endeavoring to live down the scandal of those
who are bitter against you. If you stop to
dispute, you do but as they desire, and open
the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow
talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform
but your duty, and hundreds who were once
alienated from you, will flock to you and ac-
knowledge their error.

A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.—Never leave
things lying about—a shawl here, a pair of
slippers there, and a bonnet somewhere else
—trusting to the servant to set things to
right. No matter how many servants you
have, it's a miserable habit, and if it have not
its source in the intellectual character, will in-
evitably terminate there. If you have used
the dipper, towel, tumbler, put it back in its
place, and you will know where to find it
when you want it again. Or, if you set an
example of carelessness, do not blame your
servants for following it. Children should be
taught to put things back in their places as
soon they are old enough to see them; and
if each member of the family were to observe
this simple rule, the house would never get
much out of order.

WHAT HOPE DID.—It stole on its pinions
of love now to the bed of disease; and the
sufferer's frown became a smile, the emblem
of peace and endurance.

It went to the house of mourning—and
from its lips of sorrow there came sweet and
cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor,
which was stretched forth at the command of
unholy impulse, and saved him from disgrace
and ruin.

It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom
of the mother, whose son tarried long after
the promised time of his coming; and saved
her desolation, and the "care that killeth."

It hovers about the head of the youth who
had become the Ishmael of society; and led
him on to works which even his enemies
praised.

It snatched the maiden from the jaws of
death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

PRETTY WELL LABELLED.—Cain was only
branded in the forehead; but over the whole
person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the
signatures of infamy are written. How na-
ture brands him with stigma and opprobrium!
How she hangs labels over him, to testify
her disgust of his existence and to ad-
monish others to beware of his example.

The Kalamazoo Circuit has indicted Dr.
Gains Fenn for forging a New York draft of
\$350 signing the name of Arnold & Co. of
Kalamazoo. The Dr. has been a resident of
Allegan for some months.

"Can you tell me," said Old Roger, while
speaking of the stringent liquor law, "why
the people where such laws exists are like
half converted Hindoes?"

The Brahmin took three whiffs of his pipe
before he answered that he didn't know.

"It is," said he, "because they don't know
whether to give up the jug-or not."

The Brahmin worked out the problem on
the ends of his fingers, and smiled assent.

Religion in a general sense is properly the
comprehension and acknowledgement of an
unseen spiritual power, and the soul's allegi-
ance to it, and Christianity in its particular
sense, is the comprehension and appreciation
of the personal character of Christ and the
heart's allegiance to that.

Nothing great or good is achieved unless
the heart is beautiful; and in order that the
heart may be beautiful, we should watch
over every action, even the smallest, and try
and improve all the time.

It is better to throw a guard about the ba-
by's cradle than to sing a psalm at the bad
man's death bed; better to have a care while
the bud is bursting to the sun, than when
the heat has scorched the heart of the un-
guarded bosom.

Miss Tulip in speaking of old bachelors
says they are worn out old gardeners in the
flower beds of love. As they are useless as
weeds, they should be served in the same
manner—choked.

Some one tells a story of a child three
years old, who, on being lifted up to see the
corpse of a little playmate, kissed the pale,
cold cheek, and gently whispered, "Please
give my love to God."

"A dreadful little for a shilling," said a
petulous fellow to a physician, who dealt
him out an emetic, "can't you give more?"